



MAY No. 26

10¢

MASTER
COMICS

MASTER COMICS

"I'll remember
Pearl Harbor
...you remember
THIS!"

shoots

**CAPTAIN
MARVEL
JUNIOR**

World's Mightiest Boy!

SEE PAGE 18

**ALWAYS RINGS
THE BELL!**



PLUS
SPY SMASHER
GOLDEN ARROW
LANCE O'CASEY
DR. VOODOO
And IBIS

SEE THEM EVERY
MONTH IN WHIZ
COMICS

CAPTAIN MARVEL
FEATURED EVERY
MONTH IN...

**WHIZ
COMICS**

OUT IN 45 STORES
EVERYWHERE TODAY!

Capt. Marvel Jr.

THE
RETURN OF
MR.
MACABRE!



TO MOST PEOPLE HE IS JUST FOLLY FREEKIN' THE CRIPPLED NEWSBOY, BUT SECRETLY HE HAS THE POWER BESTOWED ON HIM BY CAPTAIN MARVEL, WORLD'S GREATEST MORTAL, TO BECOME, BY PROCLAIMING CAPTAIN MARVEL'S NAME, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.











AND NOW I'M BACK! IT'S A
RIGHT TO THE FINCH THIS
TIME WITH
CAPTAIN
MARVEL JR!
AND HE'D
BETTER
WATCH
OUT.
THAT'S
ALL!

MEANWHILE,
CAPTAIN
MARVEL JR
GIVES UP
THE SEARCH.



FREDDY FREEMAN WILL
CALL THE EGGS TO TAKE
CARE OF THESE ERRING
GENTS...

CAPTAIN
MARVEL!



AND ONCE AGAIN THE WORLD'S MOST SENSATIONAL BOY
RETURNS TO THE ROLE OF WILD FREDDY FREEMAN!

ORDER ORDER! THERE
WAS AN ATTEMPTED KID-
NAPPING AND THERE
ARE THE CLUES!

WHAT'S THAT
YOU SAY BOY?
A KIDNAPPING?



WELL, WELL! UNUSUAL MARRIAGES UNDER MY
SON JOHNNY? WHY ARE YOU HEARING
MY CLOTHES?

WE EXCHANGED PLACES, HE
SAID JOHNNY'S SUIT LET
OUT FREDDIE MY NAME!



THEY MISTOOK ME FOR JOHNNY AND
CHAINED ME! BUT THEN CAPTAIN
MARVEL JR. CAME ALONG AND
SAVED ME. THEY WANTED TO
REWARD MY SON FOR RANSOM
I GUESS.



...MORE
THUNDERBOLTS
I'M AFRAID
!!!

LATER—IN THE HOUSE

THE BANDON THEY WANTED AND THE PLANE FOR THE ROCKET BOAT—I HAVE DEALT WITH WHICH THE ALLIES WILL WIN THE WAR!



MR. MACABRE OVERHEARS!

AND I'M ON MY WAY TO DELIVER THEM TO ENGLAND IN PERSON!



A PLANE IS WAITING FOR ME AT THE AIRPORT. BUT THAT JOHNNY KEEPE OUT OF TROUBLE WILL YOU MY BOYS!

DON'T WORRY!



MEANWHILE AN EYE HAS BEEN OPENED AND MR. MACABRE IS THE EYED!

SO SOME THINGS WILL DELIVER THIS PLANE TO ENGLAND BUT WE'LL KNOW A CERTAIN PARTY WHO'LL STOP HIM AND CAPTAIN MARVEL UP TOO!



WHEN HE WENT INTO THE HOUSE MACABRE FOUND THAT CERTAIN PARTY!!

LET THE PLANE FROM FAIR AT THE AIRPORT!

I'LL ATTEND TO IT BUT JUST LEAVE IT TO ME, MR. MAC!



WHILE OUT AT THE FLYING FIELD A PILOT CAME OUT OF HIS LOCKER TOWARDS THE WAITING PLANE...

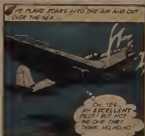




THIS PILOT SEEMS TO BE
UNDISCOVERED... BUT I'LL
CARRY ON FOR HIM,
HO, HO, HO!



IT'S OUR FASTEST
PLANE, HE FAME
AND YOU HAVE
AN EXCELLENT PILOT!



THE PLANE ESCAPES INTO THE AIR AND OUT
OVER THE SEA...

OH, YES...
AN EXCELLENT
PILOT! BUT NOT
THE ONE THEY
THINK, HO, HO, HO!



BACK IN THE C.P. MEAN
WHILE I MUST HAVE
ENJOYING THE NEW
FREEDOM

PAPER?
PAPER?
GOSH, NOBODY AROUND
HERE - I'LL GO HOME



THERE'S SOMETHING FAME!
I CAN'T BE WRONG WITH
THIS NEW PAPER CLIPPING
TO GO BY!



PAPER
WHY?

IT'S, I'LL
HAVE A
PAPER



JUST IN CASE
THE PLAN AGAINST
HIM COMES
MAYBE, I'LL
KEEP HIS SON
UNDER MY PROTECT



BUT FREDDY FREEMAN HAS ALSO
COME TO FIND JOINTY PUNISH!

SO - MACABRE'S
AT IT AGAIN!

CAPTAIN
MARVEL!



SCREEECH





A FEW MOMENTS LATER, ABOARD THE NAZI RAIDER.

THE AMERICAN ROCKET-POMMER PLANE! DELIVER THEM AND THE INVENTOR TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!

OUR CAPTAIN HAS SAID WE'RE DONE!



NO ONE SEES A TINY FLYING, GLIDING DOWN OUT OF THE NIGHT.

AND A MOMENT LATER, ONE OF THE NAZI GUARDS IS ASLEEP ON DUTY!



STRANGELY, ANOTHER GUARD LIES DOWN!



SOON TWO BRIGHT FLASHES OF LIGHT FROM THE BRIG UP TOWARD DECK....



DOWN! SPECS ARE AHEAD!



HOT DO - HEAR, CAPTAIN NAZI - GO!

YEA, I FORGOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT MEANS!



ABOARD THE NAZI RAIDER, COMPLETION BEING!





THE PLANE BANKS SHARPLY AND GOES INTO A STEEP CLIMB BUT SUDDENLY.....



WHEAT! WAS SO CLOSE TO THAT!



AS THE LEFT WING IS FIRED CAPTAIN NARVA LEAPS IN PURSUIT!



WHOA, HELLO!



RIGHT BACK AT YOU, RATZIS!

AND THEN HE REVEALS HIS SENSATIONAL NEW MOVE THE SWELL!



DOWN, DOWN, HEARTLES THE SWELL STRAIGHT AT THE REAR OF THE ENEMY!

NEW!

**DYNAMIC! FAST-MOVING! THE NEW-
EST AND GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE
EVER TO HIT THE NEWSSTANDS!
A BRAND NEW WOW COMICS!**



**SEE MR. SCARLET and
PINKY in a fast-moving
adventure mystery!**



**SEE COMMANDO YANK,
the greatest hero to
emerge from war-torn
Europe!**



**SEE the dashing
hero PHANTOM EAGLE
show the little yellow-
bellies America's might!**

**...And don't miss
SPOOKS! It will
thrill you with
chills and tickle
you with laughs!**

SPOOKS!

YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN

WOW

COMICS

**ON SALE APRIL 17th
DON'T MISS IT!**

BULLETMAN



AN AMERICAN AVIATOR
APPROACHES SAN
FRANCISCO BEARING
ARMED TO PASSENGERS
GENERAL HUBB DEAN,
DEFENSE COMMANDER OF
THE THREATENED WEST
COAST.

WASHINGTON TRUSTS ME
TO SEE THE JAPS DON'T
INVADE THE WEST COAST.
I MUST FEEL THAT
TRUST!



ALSO RECORDED ARE JIM BARR
AND SUEAN KENT FROM
THE EAST.

YOUR FATHER, SERGEANT
KENT IS SENDING US OUT
HERE TO OBSERVE WEST
COAST METHODS OF
ROUNDING UP JAP SPIES.

YES, BUT DADDY
SAID FOR US KIDS
TO KEEP OUT OF
TROUBLE!



TWO

ONE

OF THE CEBERG

SUDDENLY TROUBLE STRIKES OF ITS OWN ACCORD!

BUCK, SUSAN! BULLETS!

BUT FROM WHERE?
WHO'S ATTACKING?

JAP PLANES! THEY'RE
AFTER ME, THE YELLOW
BATS!

FIVE JAPANESE FIGHTER PLANE
HUB SHOOTED FROM THE
CLOUDS, SURE SITTIN' AT THE
AIR-LINER!

WITHIN THE LEAD PLANE MISERY OF THE
HAPPY JAPANESE STRONGARM, CONTACTS
THE AIRLINER BY RADIO.

HISSEN! CALLING!
AMERICAN PLANE WILL
PLEASE FOLLOW US!
OTHERWISE TO BE SHOT
DOWN LIKE POOL FISH!
POISON! GENERAL
DEAN IS OUR
PERSONAL
UNDERSTAND,
PLEASE F!

THEY WANT YOU,
GENERAL! BUT WE'LL
MAKE A PLAN FOR IT
IF YOU SAY THE WORD!

AND SACRIFICE
ALL YOUR LIVES?
NO, I'M AFRAID
IT'S NO USE!

WITH ATTENTION
FOCUSSED ELSEWHERE.....

HEAR THAT SUSAN?
IF DO YOU THINK
BULLETMAN AND
BULLETGIRL CAN DO
SOMETHING ABOUT
THOSE JAP PLANES?

YOU NEVER
KNOW UNTIL
YOU TRY!

AND A MOMENT LATER AMERICA'S HIGHEST
FIGHTING TEAM DARTS ACROSS THE AIRLINES!

KEEP GOING GENERAL
DEAN DON'T SURRENDER!

AAA--P
BULLETMAN AND
BULLETGIRL!



THE BARKING MYSTERY IS
ESPEIALLY SOLVED

SO THAT'S WHAT
HAPPENED? THE
PLANE SKIDDED
RIGHT INTO THE
WATER AND
SANK? THAT'S
THE END OF
HISSYU?

BULLETMAN RETURNS TO
THE MAINLAND MEETING
BULLETS&RL AT THE
GOLDEN GATE AIRPORT.

W. BULLETS &
HISSYU MET ME
AND OUT THERE
... I THINK

GOOD!
AND I
DELIVERED
GENERAL
DEAN HERE

IN A SECLUDED CORNER,
A SWIFT CHANGE BACK
TO JIM BARR AND SUSAN
KENT.

BUT WHY
DID YOU
SAY I
THINK
JIM?

HE'S
BEEN REPORTED
DEAD SO
MANY TIMES
BEFORE...
AND NEVER
HAPP.

WHAT?
YOU TWO
ALIVE? I
THOUGHT...

YOU SEE...
ER...
BULLETMAN
SAVED US
TOO!

GENERAL
DEAN
REPORTS TO
THE
AIRPORT
OFFICIALS

...AND EVERY LIFE
LOST, EXCEPT MINE

ER, PARDON ME,
GENERAL

THE THREE SURVIVORS
LEAVE THE AIRPORT
OFFICIALS FROM A HISSYU
NOTE LEFT BEHIND

BULLETMAN SAVED THEM.
THEY SAY! WHADDA THEY
TAKE ME FOR-- A TEN-
YEAR-OLD KID? THERE
AIN'T NO BULLETMAN--
HEY, WHAT'S THIS?

HISSYU'S PLANE TRIED
TO LAND ON AN KEERS
AND SLIPPED IN THE
WATER, SINKING.
INFORM AUTHORITIES.
YOUR FELLOW AMERICAN.

Bulletman

BULLETMAN
REPORTS
HISSYU
DEAD!

THE NEXT DAY AN ALLIED STEAMER LOADED WITH SUPPLIES FOR THE FAR EASTERN CAMPAIGN PLINGS INTO THE JAPANESE LANDS IN THE PACIFIC, BEYOND THE HORIZON BACK OF T.

THE STEAMER DISSES A CEBERS DOWN DOWN THE NORTH IN THE JAPAN COUNTRY.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE ALLIED STEAMER.

THE STEAMER IS THE ALLIED STEAMER. THE ALLIED STEAMER IS THE ALLIED STEAMER.

THE STEAMER IS THE ALLIED STEAMER. THE ALLIED STEAMER IS THE ALLIED STEAMER.

YEAH, LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

UNHAPPY ALLIED SHIP PASSES UP TORPEDOES READY, PLEASE!

TORPEDOES READY!

SO, THE ALLIED STEAMER IS THE ALLIED STEAMER. THE ALLIED STEAMER IS THE ALLIED STEAMER.

THE ALLIED STEAMER IS THE ALLIED STEAMER. THE ALLIED STEAMER IS THE ALLIED STEAMER.

UNHAPPY ALLIED SHIP PASSES UP TORPEDOES READY, PLEASE!

AND SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE SHOTS A DEADLY TORPEDO.

EXPLODING THE LUCKLESS STEAMER!

I BELIEVE I SHALL WRITE A NOTE TO THIS AMERICAN MINGOM-POOP BULLETHMAN WHO REPORTED MY DEATH!

MEANWHILE AT THE COAST GUARD STATION A START-LING RADIO MESSAGE COMES IN...

JOH BARR AND SUSAN HEAT UP CHIFFETS OF GENERAL DEAN ON THEIR TOUR OF WEST COAST DEFENSES.

AN OLD GENERAL DEAN!

STRUCK BY THUNDERBOLTS! HEAD KICKED! SWINGING FAST!

MORTIBLE! SOUNDS LIKE HIS WIFE WORK!

IT'S DEAR GENERAL!

LOOK! A HOPE DROPPED!

THE PLANE JUST CAME TO DELIVER THAT, APPARENTLY

SUDDENLY A LAP PLANE SHOOTS OVER THE COAST GUARD STATION.

AND DASH AWAY AGAIN BEFORE PURSUIT CAN BE SENT UP!

HONORABLE BULLETHMAN'S REPORT OF HIS WIFE'S DEATH GROSSLY EXAGGERATED!

Hissya.

THE DEVIL! HISSYA IS ALIVE! BULLETHMAN CERTAINLY PUT US OFF GUARD WITH HIS CONFIDENT DEATH REPORT!

I'M SURE IF BULLETHMAN HERE'S HERE TO DEFEND HIMSELF...

BULLETHMAN BAH!

BUT... ER... ER...



I'M GOING TO
TRACK THAT
YELLOW RAT DOWN
IF IT TAKES A WEEK!
HE HAS A SECRETARY,
SOMEWHERE, COM-
ING, BARR!

JIM'S NOT THE
ACTIVE
SOOT
GENERAL!

THE COAST GUARD
FOLLOW HIM
AND SURELY HE
WILL BE SPOT!
WE STOP!

LOOKS LIKE BULLETMAN
WAS TO FIND THE
HIDE-OUT BUT HE
FOLLOW UP THE LINE
APPROX THE HIDE-OUT
A COME-ON FOR THE
GENERAL HE'S IN
THE HIDE-OUT TOO!

NOT THE ACTIVE
SOOT ENT?

IF THEY
THEY COULD



...AND BULLETMAN
AND BULLETGIRL
ARE OFF!

BUT WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

TO SCOUT FOR
HISSEU'S SECRET
BASE MYSELF!

BULLETMAN FOLLOWS
THE WINDING COAST-
LINE LIKE A VENGE-
FUL EAGLE!

HISSEU MUST HAVE AN
AIRPLANE CARRIER
SOMEWHERE ALONG
THE COAST! I'VE GOT TO
FIND IT!

WHERE DOES HISSEU OPERATE
FROM? THERE'S NO ISLAND
AROUND HERE, NO AIRCRAFT-
CARRIER MOOR-
ING BUT AN
ICEBERG

MEANS IF THE
COAST GUARD
APPROX AT THE SCENE
OF THE LAST SHOOTING

AN GENERAL DEAN
IS HERE? AT THE
MY SITE WOULD
BEHOLD HE IS THE
ONLY OBSTACLE TO
MY VISION. HE MUST
BE DESTROYED

SEE
ANY
LOOKING
SLIPS
AROUND
HERE?

NO
SIR!



TORPEDOES READY?

F-F-F-F...

BUT BULLETS ARE FOLLOWING,
DESS THE DEADLY TORPEDO
AND DIVES!

BULLETS! BUT WHAT?

SHOOT!

I'VE GOT TO
BEAT THAT
TORPEDO TO
THE SHIP!

HOLD ON, OR
YOU'LL BE
WASHED AWAY
IN ANOTHER
SECOND!

THE GENERAL
'S SAVED--
BUT THE
CONCUSSION
OF THE
EXPLOSION
BLOWS
EVEN
BULLETS
BACK--
BACK--
BACK--

WE'LL BE
FLATTENED
AGAINST
THE
ICEBERG!

OOF! LUCKY
THIS SOFT SNOW
BREAKS THE FORCE
OF THE BLOW!

WE'RE FALLING INTO
A HOLE IN THE ICE BERG!

THEY WILL NOT
COME OUT OF
THERE ALIVE!

STUNNED BY THE RECENT FALL,
BULLETS IS UNABLE TO USE
HER GRAVITY-HELMET!

MR. ARMY BULLETMAN HAS HEARD
THE TORPEDO EXPLODE ON!

HUNT SOME ON
AROUND THIS
ICEBERG?

SUSAN AND GENERAL DEAN AND THE
CUTTER GONE! AND NOTHING HERE
EXCEPT AN INNOCENT ICEBERG AND
TWO POLAR BEARS! WHAT'S THE
ANSWER?

BUT WHAT KIND OF POLAR
BEARS ARE THESE THAT
WANT TO GET UP?

AN ASTOUNDING SHOUT
GREET'S BULLETMAN...
A HUGE HOLLOWED-OUT
ROOM IN THE HEART OF
THE ICEBERG, AS
SPACIOUS AS THE
INTERIOR OF A BATTLE-
SHIP!

BULLETMAN FOLLOWS INTO
THE CAVE IN THE ICE, AS IT GOES
DOWN AND DOWN.....

AN DIVISION
JAP ARMY--
READY FOR
ACTION!

WHAT IS--? WHAT DO
TWO POLAR BEARS
WANT WITH SUCH A
BIG CAVE?

THE SECRET OF THE ICEBERG!

SUDDENLY

AN YES MY AMERICAN FRIEND!
BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL NEVER
TELL THE AUTHORITIES!

THE POLAR
BEARS...
PO...
MISSYU!

NEVER, HINT IT? FOUR
FIFTHS OF AN ICEBERG
FLOATS UNDER WATER.
HOLLOWED OUT IT IS
LIKE A HUGE SUBMARINE
BUT STICKING OUT OF
THE WATER IS ONLY
AN INNOCENT, HARM-
LESS ICEBERG!

NOW YOU KNOW
BULLETMAN
YOU MUST
DIE!

NO
PEA

???

NO PLACE LIKE AN ICEBERG
FOR KNOCKING PEOPLE COLD!

WHACK!

22793
20 29

(TRANSLATION
"TRUST
CUSTOMER")

BUT MISSYU SPRINGS ANOTHER
TRAP ON BULLETMAN!

EVEN MIGHTY BULLETMAN
CANNOT WITHSTAND THIS!
YOU FALL, PLEASE?

UNCOVER ONE
BULLETMAN
IS PLUNGED
INTO A CELL
OF ICE —
WITH ONE
REAL POLAR
BEAR.

I HATE YOU! I HATE DEMOCRACY!
I HATE EVERYTHING AMERICAN!
DIE, BULLETMAN!!!

WE RIFLED HIS POCKETS
AND FOUND NO AMERICAN
CIGARETTES, HONORABLE
WESYU!

WHAT? NO AMERICAN
CIGARETTES? BAW!
MUST CONTINUE
SMOKING THESE!

MEANWHILE IN THE WEST CELL... BULLETMAN
AND GENERAL DEAN SLOWLY FREEZE TO DEATH.

BULLETMAN'S A
PRISONER TOO!
HE HAS OUR LAST
HOPE!

BULLETMAN! WAKE UP!
PLEASE WAKE UP!

BITING COLD REVIVES BULLETMAN!

SORRY,
FELLA!

WITH
THE
POWER
OF HIS
GRAVITY,
HE MET
BULLET-
MAN
CRASHES
DOWN
THE
CELL
WALLS.

ESCAPE? SOLID ICE MEANS LITTLE TO
THE MIGHT OF BULLETMAN!

YOU AND THE GENERAL
GO AND GET THE AIR
FORCE, BULLETSIR!
I'M GOING BACK IN
FOR A LITTLE ICED
TEA!

MEANWHILE MISSY PREPARED
EVERYTHING FOR HIS GRAND
SCHEME OF DEATH!

"BOMBER
READY?"

"YES, HONORABLE
—SAY!"

"BOMBERS
READY? BOMBERS
READY?"

"YES!"

"THEN HE INVADED
AMERICA TO—WAIT THE
SECOND HE—DON'T GUESS
—SURE HE ARE ALMOST
READY!"

"BAMBA!"

But a surprising turn
brought the dread
thrust!

"READY OR NO?
HERE I COME!"

"NO! IT
CAN'T BE!
IT'S B-B-
B-B-B..."

"MAYBE YOU MEAN
BULLETMAN?"

"CALL IN YOUR CHIPS,
MISSY! THE GAME'S OVER!"

"STUPID
AMERICA!
—GURP!"

"AND
MAYBE I
DON'T WANT
BUSINESS
MAYBE!"

"SLAM!"



HERE COME THE
AMERICAN BOMBERS
ALL SAVED AGAIN FOR
THE PEOPLE OF A
NORTH AFRICAN COUNTRY

THE AMERICAN BOMBERS BLAST THE
ENEMIES TO BITS LEAVING NO EVIDENCE
OF THE THREATENED INVASION OF
AMERICA!



BAD
SQUAD
CAN'T TAKE
THEIR
SAVE OF
THE
COST THE
NEXT DAY

WHO ARE
BULLETMAN
AND
BULLETSKILL?
THIS ANYBODY
KNOW?

JUST A COUPLE
OF REAL
AMERICAN
GUESS
GENERAL.



WE... BE SEEING YOU AGAIN
NEXT MONTH IN MASTER
COMICS WITH A SMALL
NEW ADVENTURE!

BAREFOOT BOY
WITH COAT OF TAN-
DON'T MISS MR.
BULLETMAN!



BAREFOOT GAIL
WITH PONYTAIL--
YOU WATCH OUT
FOR BULLETSKILL!

68
PAGES

FOUR NEW
EXCITING STORIES

BULLETMAN

EVERY
TWO MONTHS AT
YOUR NEWSSTAND!

THOSE TOWERS THE HOUSE, ABNUT MAN OFFER.



THE HOUSE WAS CRASHING IN OVER A SECOND, I WAS GETTING FOR HIM AND OTHERS.



HERE'S WHERE YOU OVER LOSING TIME!



STRIKE!



WHEN I CAME BACK FROM TRYING TO CATCH THOSE MEN, MY LITTLE GIRL WAS DEAD!

YOU DON'T KNOW IT, THE BEN, BUT THAT CLOCK IS ABOUT TO STOP!



WHEN I PUT THE ABNUT HAND ON YOUR FOOT AGAIN?



WELL, DON'T GO WITH A CLOCK ON!

A FEW ADAPTING LITTLE THINGS WILL GET YOU TO THE HAND, I ALONE.



COME, AND TO BE SOME ONE IF WE WANT AND SHOW THEM THE THINGED CHAT AREA! TO BETTER SO HERE.



THE DO HOUR, SOME YOU'LL BE THE SAME, BUT IF YOU DON'T, YOUR BLOOD WILL BE FOR NOTHING! NOTHING!



IT WAS A "WON" TO MAKE THEM LEAD ME TO THE HOUSE
"WON" - IN THE "WON" THE DEAD - ALL THE DEAD
TO SURPRISE THEM

I AM NOT HERE ANYMORE
AND THE DEAD ARE NOT
ANY MORE TO THEM

USE A SHADOW
THE ONE WHO
WENT TO THE
DEAD

WENT AS I "WON"
THEY WERE LEADING ME
TO THE DEAD

THEY WERE THE DEAD - ALL THE DEAD
TO SURPRISE THEM

YOU KNOW
THE
HALF
OF THE
DEAD

YOU KNOW THE DEAD
AND THE DEAD THE
HALF OF THE

THEY WERE THE TWO THINGS JUSTLY REPORT
THEY WERE THE TWO THINGS JUSTLY REPORT

THEY WERE THE TWO THINGS JUSTLY REPORT
THEY WERE THE TWO THINGS JUSTLY REPORT

YOU KNOW THE
HALF OF THE
DEAD

THEY WERE THE TWO THINGS JUSTLY REPORT
THEY WERE THE TWO THINGS JUSTLY REPORT

IF YOU CAN'T LEAVE THEM, YOU CAN GO BACK TO THE
DEAD AND START ALL OVER

YOU
AGAIN?

YOU KNOW THE
HALF OF THE
DEAD

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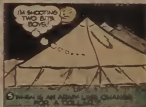


HI-DIDDLE DIDDLE.



LET'S
DO A
RIDDLE

(SOLUTIONS ON BOTTOM OF
THIS PAGE... UPSIDE DOWN!)



- 1 BECAUSE ITS THE FURRIEST
2 BECAUSE HE'S ROUND WHERE
3 WHEN HIS SOLDIER
4 A POOL (POUL)
5 BECAUSE HE'S ROUND WHERE
6 TO KEEP HIS PANTS UP
7 BECAUSE HE'S SO OLD
8 HE'S AROUND
9 THE WAY
10 WHY?

MURDER LAYS AN EGG

by JOSEPH J. MILLARD

"ARE YOU sure you feel okay, Egg?" John Latham asked anxiously. "Today's game makes us or breaks us, you know."

"Egg?" Wilson, star pitcher of the Red Stars baseball club, finished his dinner and groaned at the worried club manager.

"Never felt better, John," he chuckled. "I'm set to pitch the game of my life this afternoon. We'll sweep up the Tigers and romp home with the pennant. I'll be out like practice as soon as I swallow five or six soft-boiled eggs..."

"You eat your eggs," Latham warned. "No wonder the newspapers call you 'Egg'! You eat a dozen a day, run or sleep."

"Egg," the pitcher proclaimed solemnly, "made me what I am today. You keep me on eggs and I'll keep you on pennants, John, my lad."

"I wish it was that easy," Latham said gloomily. "I'm worried, Morgan, the big shot gambler, has bet nearly a half a million dollars on the Tigers. He knows they haven't a chance against your pitching—I'm scared he'll try ~~any~~ way to keep you out of the game."

"If he does..." EGG said lightly. "I'll bounce some hot fruit off his noggins. Quit worrying and let me get dressed, will you?"

Still gloomy, the big manager wandered on. Egg finished dressing, whistling cheerfully as he envisioned his regular breakfast of six soft-boiled eggs. Of all foods, he loved eggs the best and was used to the good morning baddling his appetite carried him.

"Let 'em laugh," he said. "Give me enough eggs and I beat any outfit, any day."

He ~~was~~lecturing him as when

his phone rang. A strange voice said:

"Listen, that is Morgan. You've heard of me. I am known that I don't make, I'll pay you five thousand bucks to lose that game today."

"What?" Egg cried in choked fury. "Five thousand is better."

All right! Morgan grinned. "Ten thousand—and no more!"

"By, you..." Egg spoke five ~~words~~ telling Morgan, the gambler, exactly what he thought of him and his proposition.

"Oho, wise guy," Morgan snarled when Egg finally stopped for breath. "Don't forget, we can be tough—I got plenty of bucks on the Tigers and I ain't the kind of guy who makes a habit of losing."

Egg slammed down the receiver. Still raging at being asked to throw a game, he went down to the dining room and ate his eggs in dour silence. For once he ~~was~~ forgot to enjoy their flavor. He was too angry at the idea that his loyalty could be bought.

Finished, he went out into the warm sunshine and turned toward the ball park where his teammates would be gathered for a practice workout before the big game of the series. Still raging, he walked with his head down and his fists clenched at his sides.

Entry did not even see the big black sedan that coasted up beside him. His first hailing that things were not right came when two hard-faced thugs moved up beside him and jammed guns in his ribs.

"Oho, Egg-head," one of them snarled nastily. "Let's keep those padd-pars of yours where they belong and maybe you won't get hurt."

"What the big idea?" Egg raged, glancing around. "You can't get away with..."

"Inside, bum," the thug rapped, giving Egg a shove toward the open door of the sedan. "We are going away with..."

"What's the gag? Where are you taking me?"

"Drive up," the thug snarled. "You'll know soon enough. Drive along, March. I'll handle this fugitive from a chicken farm."

HELPLESS under the men-
ment of the gun that
covered him, Egg saw himself
down ~~the~~ park, the ball park,
around the fringe of the town
and into a district of factories
and warehouses. Presently the
big sedan turned into a drive-
way and halted in the way of
a huge old building whose sign
proclaimed it a cold storage
warehouse.

"Inside, Mister Egg," growled the gangster. "The boss wants to see you."

There prodded the raging Egg up a stairway and into a small office. A beefy, red-faced man sat behind a desk, grinning nastily as the pitcher was shoved toward him. Egg knew, without being told, that this was Morgan, the notorious gambler who bet fortunes on sports events.

"Still hot tough, Wilson?" Morgan asked sneeringly. "My offer still holds—ten grand if you..."

Egg bellowed in fury and started to swing at the leering gambler. The thug, March, swung his gun and Egg's swing ended in a sprawling tumble. He lay there, half-crushed by the blow.

"Oh, well," Morgan said, chuckling. "I didn't think you'd

be unable. But I'm in the game, anyhow."

"What do you mean?" Eggs demanded hoarsely.

"The Tigers ain't in," Morgan growled. "Because Eggs Wilson will not be there to beat them. You're here and you're going to stay here. Nobody'll find you in time to save the game for the Red Shirts."

"Kidnaping?" a federal of course," Eggs shouted. "When I get out of here . . ."

"What makes you think you're getting out?" Morgan snapped. "I'm not that dumb. I've got a fellow made up to look like you who'll get covered and let himself be seen around mine tough . . ."

Afternoon. Everybody's figure Eggs Wilson. How the game — purpose. Then tonight will bump you off and make it look like mine. The papers will focus you sold out and then killed yourself because of the disgust."

Again Eggs tried to leap at the sneering gambler. And again the thugs beat him down.

"Toss him in the warehouse upstairs," Morgan ordered. "He can't get out of there. We'll fix him after the game."

Eggs felt himself dragged upstairs and tossed into a huge, dim warehouse piled high with crates and boxes. A door slammed behind him and he heard the click of padlocks and the rattle of chains. He knew that escape was impossible for he could see that was the only door. The windows — all covered with bars that had been put there to keep robbers from getting in merchandise in storage.

Dizzy from his beating, Eggs wondered helplessly. He was so sure that the building was too far from the street for anyone to hear him call for help. Across from another window with a huge warehouse whose towering wall contained no windows at all on that side Eggs realized that no matter how he shouted or wept, there was no way to summon help. And he knew the gangsters

would leave armed guards downstairs, so even he should succeed in breaking out.

Eggs ran back to the window. In the darkness a clock showed him that it was already ten-thirty. At one o'clock, the game would start. Without his packing, the Tigers could mop up the Red Shirts. The gambler would make a fortune. John Latham would lose and everyone would mark Eggs Wilson down as a crook and a traitor to his pals.

Furiously he hunted through the warehouse for some means of escape. There was none. He could find no tool that would break the door or the barred windows, no weapons, no help of any kind.

All he found were eggs. Hundreds and hundreds of them. It was cold storage eggs — waiting there to be sold to women. Eggs — and for the first time in his life, Eggs Wilson wasn't glad to see them. He couldn't eat them and he couldn't use them to win his freedom as in his life.

Millions of eggs for Eggs Wilson, who loved eggs! And within a few hours, Eggs Wilson would be beyond any appeal for eggs. He would be dead, murdered by the gambler and his thugs . . .

Eggs! The sight of them haunted Eggs. He had boasted so often that he could beat any team or anybody if only he had enough eggs. He ran back to the window and saw that game was knocking by. It was already past eleven, less than two hours before game time.

He looked back at the eggs . . . and suddenly the idea exploded in his mind. Eggs! Eggs for freedom!

Eggs Wilson uttered a cry of amazement. Seizing a crate of eggs, he broke off the top and dragged the box close to a floor window. Reaching up, he cracked the glass from the window, exposing the . . . even bare outside that pressed him away from escape.

Then, chuckling grimly, Eggs set about saving himself—with eggs!

It was after twelve-thirty when Eggs heard the sounds. First the constant hum of racing cars on the street below. Then the soft rattle of car doors, break low-voiced orders, a clink of metal.

Suddenly a thunderous hammering broke out below, resounding through the building. There were loud shouts from outside and a chorus of startled yelps from the gangsters inside. The hammering grew louder and ended with the heavy crash of falling doors.

A rattle of gunfire broke out. There was a burst of shots from outside, snarl of rage, more shots. Then a machine gun rattled sharply, and after that there were no more shots—only groans, and a single yell of pain.

Moments later Eggs Wilson heard the footsteps outside and the rattle of . . . He called loudly and voices answered him. The door opened and swung open.

John Latham ran through first, with half a dozen heavily-armed police at his heels. Latham seized Eggs. "Get his star plaster over with trembling hands.

"You're okay, Eggs?" You haven't been hurt?"

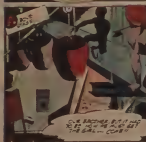
"Sure, I'm okay," Eggs cried. "I had eggs, didn't I?"

"Eggs!" One of the cops grinned. That was the smartest trick I ever saw—hiding eggs at the side of that warehouse so they wrote a message for help. The newspapers were right when they said you could beat a phony if you had enough eggs. A dozen people started phoning police headquarters about egg stores writing a call for help on the side of that warehouse."

"Yeah," John Latham said grimly. "But don't forget, — body but the world's best baseball pitcher could . . . to us . . . words. Come on out this afternoon and see . . ."

"VICTORY for the Red Shirts!"









Following The Book of John
Uncovering the "Mystery"
Crematorium



Master Master! That's the
book, no further help and
that's the end!

Master Master! That's the
book, no further help and
that's the end!



Master Master! That's the
book, no further help and
that's the end!



Master Master! That's the
book, no further help and
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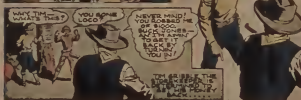
Buck Jones

*Written and
Acted by
Buck Jones*
—RKO'S MOVIE STAR—
FRONTIER MARSHAL



BOOD BEWILD FOR BUCK JONES DEAD OR ALIVE IN THE WORLD—BUT FOR A LEAD FROM COUNTLESS POSTERS—AND THE WEST HAS BUCK JONES—BUT SOME SAY YES, A FEW STILL HAVE DUBBLES—BUT THEY KNOW HE'S IN THE TOWN—BUT OF US LIVES—FRANCY THE HARD-ONE HARD-SHOOTING FRONTIER MARSHAL AS HE FIGHTS HIS COYOTE—BUT TRY TO CLASH US DOWN—AND BUCK A CLIPPING DESPERADO TO SAY.











—I'M LIABLE TO GET WHOLLY UNLESS YOU LET ME OUT OUT SUREBET!







Wagon. Rich Kelly - Father Jimmy had a
small diesel engine. Saw him get sugar
thing from wall at mill. I & John he
went out to see with him all morning.

LET'S TAKE
A MILD
BATH
COBNA!



1. What is the main idea of the passage?
 2. What is the author's purpose in writing this passage?
 3. What is the author's attitude towards the subject?
 4. What is the author's tone in writing this passage?
 5. What is the author's main point?
 6. What is the author's main argument?
 7. What is the author's main conclusion?
 8. What is the author's main purpose?
 9. What is the author's main goal?
 10. What is the author's main objective?

GO GET IT
COMING



Tuesday: Best. Rain. It rained all day & night till the morning - the day was very dark & foggy & the wind was strong.

GOING TO
LATE AFTERNOON
THURSDAY



WICHITA - Best Large City North and
Love being the school - In some other
cities - not here.

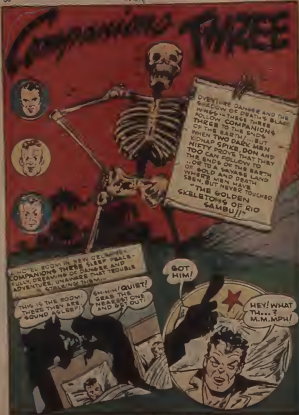


THUNDER - last day. I called the railroad
and it left a lot of baggage with them
and it got over the water. Now I
know what people mean when they say
"there's a law".

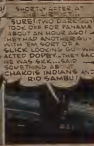
SATURDAY.—*See* *before*. *First* morning
in *opening* the *well* and *with*
red — *with* *red*.

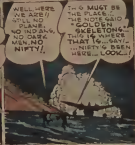
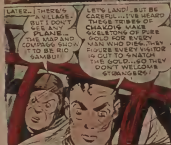
1950-1951

[illegible]



THE MORNING SUN AWAKENS THE SLEEPERS









WE COME
TO KILL,
BOOGS!

ONE G.O.B.
DESKREIMATE!
WE'RE COMING
THROUGH...



OH! YOURSELF
ON THIS ONE,
SKINIE BOOGS!



THIS WAY, MEN!
TO THE RIVER!

LET'S GO!
DON'T STOP
FOR ANY GOLD
SKELETONS
ON THE WAY!



HEY!
SOMEBODY
TOLD THE
RIVER...

THE TIDE TURNED...
TWO DAYS AGO...
DIEY FOR 6 HOURS
WHEN THE TIDE FALLS!
...WE'RE MADDONED
HERE FOR 6 HOURS!



HA, HA! NOW YOU HAVE
TO STAY AND HELP US LOAD
GOLD IN OUR PLANE... HA!
HA! WE'RE TOO CLEVER FOR
YOU! DIDN'T THINK WE'D
LEAVE WITHOUT OUR
GOLD, DID YOU?



YOU'VE GONE
TOO FAR,
WINE SHIP!

THEIR PLANE'S
OVER THERE,
DON! IT'S
MADE TO TAKE
ONE FROM A
JOY ENVELOPE
ON-ON! HERE
THEY COME
AGAIN!



WE'RE GUN!
THE INSTANT ARE
BETWEEN US
AND THAT PLANE!
...WAIT!... I'VE
AN IDEA...
COME!

DON'T START THAT, YOU MONKEYS! WITHOUT WHEELS THIS SHIP'LL CRACK UP!

STOP BEEPING AND PILE ONTO THE TAIL, ALL OF YOU!

NOW HOLD THAT TAIL DOWN. WHEN I OPEN ME UP, GET SET TO JUMP!

WHATEVER THIS IS, IT BETTER BE GOOD!

IN A FLASH, DON LEADS TO THE CONTROLS OF THE COMMONWEALTH CRANFLEET'S CRANFLER.

THE CRANFLER PLANE SAVES THE MONKEYS.

A MOMENT LATER, LEFT FROM NOBODY OVER BY THE WRECK ON THE TAIL, THE PLANE TAKES OFF.

BULLSEYE! I'VE GOT TO TRY A LANDING!

THERE'S THE OTHER PLANE... THE BOYS WILL TRY A GETAWAY IN THAT!



"THERE'S NO MONKEYS HERE! WE GOT TO GO TO THE CRASH!"

"THERE'S NO MONKEYS HERE! WE GOT TO GO TO THE CRASH!"



WE'RE OFF AGAIN FOR HOME... KEEP THOSE SKELETON MONKEYS BACK IN THE TAIL IF THEY MAKE A PINK THROW 'EM OUT!

WE'LL DUMP 'EM OFF UP THE COAST AND MAKE 'EM WALK TO PANAMA CITY... SERVE 'EM RIGHT FOR KIDNAPING POOR NATIVES!



*...AND.... FOLKS, DON'T THINK THIS STORY IS JUST FICTION. THE CHANK'S INDIANS AND THEIR GOLD SKELETONS DO EXIST IN PANAMA. ONLY TWO OTHER WHITE MEN EVER ESCAPED FROM THEIR JUNGLE... BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE OUR NEW ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S MASTER COMICS!

BILLY BATSON FIRED!



**U. S. PACIFIC FLEET
ORDERED TO RETIRE!**



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